ASTRONOMY AND METEOROLOGY.

BY WALTER H. SMITH, MONTREAL,
President of the Astro-Meteorological Association; Author of "Smith's Three-Year Almanac and Weather Guide;" "Lunar Influence on Vegetation;" "Lunar Abnormalities;" "Lunar Influence Edition of "Tupper's Weather Bulletin" and "Almanac."

CALENDAR.

Thursday, July 29—New moon 4.40, sets 7.30.

Friday, 30—Mercury in perihelion.

Saturday, 31—New moon 10, 31m. morn. August 1—Sun rises 4.43, sets 7.26.

Tuesday, 3—Jupiter in conjunction with the moon.

Wednesday, 4—Mars in conjunction with the moon.

WEATHER FORECAST.

For the week ending Wednesday, August 11—Stormy weather generally—cloudy and rainy with somewhat cooler temperature a fine change—cool weather with local frosts notably in the North and North West.

JUPITER'S GLORY is departing as he rises in the east and approaches the sphere of the sun. Venus however continues to glow like molten gold before either the dawn or the morning stars are able to dim her lustre.

METEORS are usually somewhat frequent during the nights of August 6th and 12th inclusive. No less than four streams in fact, are then believed to converge at the earth's position in space. Two of the streams radiate from the constellation Perseus, and the other from that of Camelopardalis. Before astronomy was as well understood as now these August meteors were termed the "Tears of St. Lawrence," and attributed to that saint who, just as closely by habit as bridled on a gridiron, was supposed to weep fiery tears on the anniversary of the martyrdom.

TO CANADIANS, and those of their neighbors who reside about the shores of the great river and its lakes, the name of St. Lawrence and his festival has significance, since it was on the 10th day of August, 1535, that JACQUES CARTIER, the hardy Breton navigator, reached a sea-like bay opposite the island of Anticosti, and named it "the Bay of St. Lawrence."

"A name," says PARKMAN, "afterwards extended to the entire Gulf, and the great river above." Perchance, when we see a meteor stream across the sky on the night in question we may remember that possibly CARTIER and his daring voyagers some 350 years before stood on the deck of the small vessel in which born civilization to a continent, and watched other similar meteorites glide out of infinity into a brief flare of existence. To them perhaps the fairest of omens as to their future success in the untrodden wilderness before them.

CONJUNCTIONS IN AUGUST.

The month of August is an interesting one as regards planetary conjunctions, as to what follows will show. The three days oth crescent is near Jupiter and Uranus on the evening of the 3rd. A more beautiful conjunction, however, will be that of Saturn and Venus on the morning of the 10th, when Venus is but one minute's space south of the ringed planet. The night to fetch astronomers who have seen but little ordinary celestial scenes out of their beds before dawn to enter to get a glimpse of those two wanderers in the early autumn sky. The planets rise about 2.30 a.m. that morning. The next conjunction of more than ordinary interest is that of Saturn and Uranus, Jupiter overtaking and passing the small sun-green colored planet on the 16th. In the evening of that day they are but a little more than half a degree apart, Uranus being south, or below Jupiter. On the 25th, a total eclipse of the sun takes place as already mentioned in the ANNOUNCE of April 1. It will be visible as a partial obscuration from Northern Texas to the Himalayas, the path of totality commencing at the Isthmus of Panama, crossing the northern part of South America, eclipses Cape Cod, Cromoto, Barbadoes, sweeps over the South and South Atlantic, touches Ascension—at the west coast of Africa—crosses the African continent and ends on Madagascar. This eclipse will be visible as a partial one from the extreme southern portion of Nova Scotia and Lake Erie southward; in the mean northerly portions mentioned however the limit of the sun will be simply grazed by the dark body of the moon and not at All Visible. Intelligent and adjacent shows the eclipse is of course a partial one.

THE CONSTELLATIONS.

TRIANGULUM—THE TRIANGLE.

Situate between the bear of *Aries* and the foot of *Andromeda*, this small but ancient constellation contains two stars of the fourth magnitude, and is well shown on "The Handy Star Map." Its principal star is *Alpha*, of the 3rd magnitude, and is somewhat conspicuous. It is ruddy, and 11 blue. *The Triangulum* is a very delicate double star of the 5th magnitude, one star being golden yellow and the other azure. An 8th magnitude star is also in the field, of a deep orange color. *Iota* is made of double star of the 5th magnitude, its components being topaz yellow and green. A telescope of low power shows the system. The principal object of interest however, is a nebula situate in R. A. 1h. 27m. Dec. 29°-N. It is faint, but large,

ETTA'S ROMANCE.

BY K. L. B.

It was very kind of Mrs. Grayley to try and give him an opportunity to plead his suit in her pretty, wilful daughter. That is not at all purpose she had gone away and interviewed her maid in the kitchen? And when Etta followed thither, insisting on her return, had she not discovered that some of her carnations wanted tying up, and invited out into the garden to attend to them?

But it was to no purpose that the good lady—ever compassionate than her daughter—took pity on the young fellow. Jealous unseemly lip and anxious blue eyes showed but too plainly the death of his feelings.

Etta testily refused to be wooed, and when he pleaded for a hearing she shook her head, and kept so close to her mother's side, that at last he heaved a great sigh and took his leave.

Then Mrs. Grayley put down her garden gloves and scissors, and turned upon the cruel maid indignantly.

"I am ashamed of you Etta! Have you no feeling, that you treat an old friend in this way? Your Dolph Ernstein deserves better usage."

"Let him come as a friend, and I will welcome him gladly; but you know, mamma, that he will not be content with that!"

"Perverted Mrs. Grayley, "I know that for years he has liked you, and cherished a hope that some day you would be his wife; and you encouraged that hope—"

"Oh, no, mamma, never!"

"But I say you did, until I was silly enough to be persuaded to give you half-a-dozen terms at a finishing-school——"

"College, mamma," Etta corrected.

"Call it what you will, I very much regret that I ever let you go to it. You went a simple, sensible girl, eager to study and improve yourself; you came back to me self-absorbed, sentimental and silly."

"Mamma!"

"My dear, I am sorry to say this; but it is too true. You encouraged to get into a set of idle, excitable girls, who imbued you with all their extravagant notions. Instead of being a loving, intelligent companion to me you are always dreaming or reading what you call pathetic poetry, and I should designate as trash; and as for the Kreutzer, you have attended that Lotin and Moth with great eagerness, while Dolph, if he were wise, would think no more of you."

Etta grew crimson with mortification. To be lectured so sharply by the dear, indulgent mother who had hitherto been so patient with her wee bad enough, but to now be threatened with the loss of her lover, as though it were a serious calamity, hurt her feelings.

"Mr. Ernstein cannot accuse me of flirting with him; and I have told him frankly that I do not wish to marry."

"Why?" queried Mrs. Grayley.

"That is a curious question to come from you, mamma. And you in such a hurry to get rid of your troublesome daughter that you would give me to the first who asked your hand?"

"Never mind what I would or would not do," was the grave rejoinder. "I see that I am answerable to my own conscience. But answer my query. Why do you not wish to marry Adolphe Ernstein? Have you heard anything to his disadvantage?"

"Oh, no, no! Everyone knows that he is the best of sons and brothers."

"That only responds to my second question. Now for the first. You confess that you do not dislike the young man? You have long been aware that he loves you with all his heart, and that his parents are quite willing to receive you as their daughter? one of your motives for going to college was to improve yourself in German because it is their native tongue; yet now you refuse their son's proposals, and I ask again—why?"

"I am very happy at home with you, mamma," faltered Etta, letting her head droop that she might avoid the piercing scrutiny of her mother's eyes; but quickly conquering an emotion of which she was ashamed, she raised herself to full height, and flocked Mrs. Grayley boldly in the face.

"I will not stoop to prevarication. I could have liked, perhaps loved Dolph, if we were not so diametrically opposed to each other in thought, sentiment and feeling, and—and if he were not in trade!"

Mrs. Grayley raised her eyebrows.

"Please to remember, Etta, that your father was only a struggling country practitioner yet he was a gentleman; and so is Mr. Ernstein, although he is in business. Moreover, I must remind you that my annuity dies with me, and my small savings will not amount to a sum that will place you on an equality with the upper classes. As for the Ernsteins, they are well to do; they keep a handsome establishment and a country house. If you were Dolph's wife you would have——"

Etta here fairly interrupted, crying hysterically:

"What could they give me that could compensate for the horrible fears that they are callous? Oh, mamma, ma, to be known as a tailor's wife, how could I endure it?"

Very deliberately Mrs. Grayley picked up her scissors, and drew on her gloves she had thrown aside.

"I may wipe your eyes, Etta; your tears are quite unsalted for," she said, coolly.

Again to agree with you that Dolph has made a mistake. The girl who despises him because he manfully dives into the very depths of life to which he was called, and not be worthy of his love, and I shall be all in a hurry never to invite him to forget you!"

Etta walked away, writhing under the sarcasm of her mother's tones, and entering the house ascended to her chamber, where, throwing herself upon a lounge during her own charms, she stood before a mirror, and gazed gazing at herself in mournful reflection.

If Dolph had been a professor or a poet, she declared her enthusiasm for the transcendental—but if he had possessed the rarest gifts of mind, and was a tailor's son, she could not have treated him so coldly, but——

"College, mamma," Etta corrected.

"Call it what you will, I very much regret that I ever let you go to it. You went a simple, sensible girl, eager to study and improve yourself; you came back to me self-absorbed, sentimental and silly."

"Mamma!"

"My dear, I am sorry to say this; but it is too true. You encouraged to get into a set of idle, excitable girls, who imbued you with all their extravagant notions. Instead of being a loving, intelligent companion to me you are always dreaming or reading what you call pathetic poetry, and I should designate as trash; and as for the Kreutzer, you have attended that Lotin and Moth with great eagerness, while Dolph, if he were wise, would think no more of you."

Etta grew crimson with mortification. To be lectured so sharply by the dear, indulgent mother who had hitherto been so patient with her wee bad enough, but to now be threatened with the loss of her lover, as though it were a serious calamity, hurt her feelings.

"Mr. Ernstein cannot accuse me of flirting with him; and I have told him frankly that I do not wish to marry."

"Why?" queried Mrs. Grayley.

"That is a curious question to come from you, mamma. And you in such a hurry to get rid of your troublesome daughter that you would give me to the first who asked your hand?"

"Never mind what I would or would not do," was the grave rejoinder. "I see that I am answerable to my own conscience. But answer my query. Why do you not wish to marry Adolphe Ernstein? Have you heard anything to his disadvantage?"

"Oh, no, no! Everyone knows that he is the best of sons and brothers."

"That only responds to my second question. Now for the first. You confess that you do not dislike the young man? You have long been aware that he loves you with all his heart, and that his parents are quite willing to receive you as their daughter? one of your motives for going to college was to improve yourself in German because it is their native tongue; yet now you refuse their son's proposals, and I ask again—why?"

"I am very happy at home with you, mamma," faltered Etta, letting her head droop that she might avoid the piercing scrutiny of her mother's eyes; but quickly conquering an emotion of which she was ashamed, she raised herself to full height, and flocked Mrs. Grayley boldly in the face.

"I will not stoop to prevarication. I could have liked, perhaps loved Dolph, if we were not so diametrically opposed to each other in thought, sentiment and feeling, and—and if he were not in trade!"

"Please to remember, Etta, that your father was only a struggling country practitioner yet he was a gentleman; and so is Mr. Ernstein, although he is in business. Moreover, I must remind you that my annuity dies with me, and my small savings will not amount to a sum that will place you on an equality with the upper classes. As for the Ernsteins, they are well to do; they keep a handsome establishment and a country house. If you were Dolph's wife you would have——"

Etta here fairly interrupted, crying hysterically:

"What could they give me that could compensate for the horrible fears that they are callous? Oh, mamma, ma, to be known as a tailor's wife, how could I endure it?"

Very deliberately Mrs. Grayley picked up her scissors, and drew on her gloves she had thrown aside.

"I may wipe your eyes, Etta; your tears are quite unsalted for," she said, coolly.

Again to agree with you that Dolph has made a mistake. The girl who despises him because he manfully dives into the very depths of life to which he was called, and not be worthy of his love, and I shall be all in a hurry never to invite him to forget you!"

Etta walked away, writhing under the sarcasm of her mother's tones, and entering the house ascended to her chamber, where, throwing herself upon a lounge during her own charms, she stood before a mirror, and gazed gazing at herself in mournful reflection.

If Dolph had been a professor or a poet, she declared her enthusiasm for the transcendental—but if he had possessed the rarest gifts of mind, and was a tailor's son, she could not have treated him so coldly, but——

"Well, mamma, have been thrown away on him?" she cried passionately. "He has no soul! All my wishes and hopes would have been dragged down to earth by his commonplace ways, and I should have been a most unhappy woman, pilled by nano, for who would sympathize with the wife of a tailor?"

Then Etta sat down and opened her eyes to receive a little letter to her rejected suitor.

"They were vividly outlined for each other," she told him; "their minds were not tuned to the same key, and they must be content to dwell apart all their lives, shaking hands of cordial friendship when they meet, but never to be clasped to each other's hearts in the sacred embrace of love."

She read no more so well as she slowly sealed the letter, and rang for her mother's cottage, and he said the name.

His name was Albert, he told her and he was a scion of the illustrious French family of the Montmorencies.

His intense love of art had brought him to England, and his adoration of nature had led him to this charming neighborhood, where he looked tenderly on his blushing companion—where he gazed on her alone the most unutterable enjoyment.

"You are an artist?" said Etta, her eyes dilating with pleasure as sketches are for my friends and myself."

"I beg your pardon," she murmured, "I did not mean to imply—to infer——"

Again her embarrassment made her pause.

She fancied Miss Grayley, you could not offend. I so much you might misunderstand my motive for why you start when I spoke your name? How could I resist enquiring what connection there was with you that haunts these verdant shades? But do not imagine that I was incited by curiosity, or any motive but interest you have inspired——"

"I must go home!" cried Etta hurriedly. "Mamma would be displeased if she knew that I—I——"

"If she know how strangely, yet how sweetly you and I have met, she would understand that I am not to blame, and if she blames me, I shall smile and say, 'She as a good and loving heart, and contributes in fullest response to mine.'"

"Mamma may not say what you both and I" and Etta laughed hysterically.

"Then she has the cold, English nature, perhaps. How you must have suffered with no one near to think and feel with you!"

"I must go home," she said again. "It is scarcely a week since we first met, and for such impudence you must despise me forever."

"Say rather adore you," he interrupted. "But do not be alarmed. I suppose, I admire your delicacy, and I will emulate alder my theory fanciful, but do you know I should never have coupled you with the rose? It is too pronounce for you. Something more refined, more subtle—for instance, the wood-violet. But pardon me! I am running on as I always do when I get a sympathetic listener, and detaining you shamefully."

In clear hauk, and Etta, with a hurr and another more gracious smile, passed on; but there was a gentleman behind, and her new acquaintance sprang forward to open the door; then breathed an apology for his indiscretion—a learning that she was not going to cross the fields.

Yet, promptly though he expressed himself, he strolled by the side of the carriage to the end of the lane, and if she only understood it, he left marks on the beauty of the spot, in unmistakables, still she did not answer him against her better judgment.

But then he was no common man; the delicately-white hand he pressed across his brows, the rings she saw on his fingers, and he drew all his well-fitting gloves, were unmistakable tokens of high birth.

Besides, he talked—ah! how he talked! Etta's own words fell coldly upon her ear, and she was quite speechless. He, poor fellow, could discuss common place subjects sensibly enough, and had read scores of books into which Etta had only dipped; but when he discussed them how sadly he lacked the grace of manner and thrilling accents of this stranger!

With what a sigh he raised his hat to the graceful farewell when, in great confusion he begged he might should still be in the garden, Etta's sensible self told her how ashamed she felt for having lolled so long!

What would Mrs. Grayley say if she ever learned that the daughter she had reared so carefully, and whose judgment she had thought she could rely, had suffered herself to be drawn into conversation by a plausible stranger?

"It must never happen again!" Etta protested to herself. "It was delightfully romantic, and of course there was no harm in my lingering enjoying the society of so intellectual a man; but then mamma's ignorance of the world would be——"

However, it did happen again. Every lonely ramble in which Etta indulged brought their acquaintance with the interesting stranger. He would no place so well as the shady seclusion of the lane, or her mother's cottage, and he said the name.

His name was Albert, he told her and he was a scion of the illustrious French family of the Montmorencies.

His intense love of art had brought him to England, and his adoration of nature had led him to this charming neighborhood, where he looked tenderly on his blushing companion—where he gazed on her alone the most unutterable enjoyment.

"You are an artist?" said Etta, her eyes dilating with pleasure as sketches are for my friends and myself."

"I beg your pardon," she murmured, "I did not mean to imply—to infer——"

Again her embarrassment made her pause.

She fancied Miss Grayley, you could not offend. I so much you might misunderstand my motive for why you start when I spoke your name? How could I resist enquiring what connection there was with you that haunts these verdant shades? But do not imagine that I was incited by curiosity, or any motive but interest you have inspired——"

"I must go home!" cried Etta hurriedly. "Mamma would be displeased if she know that I—I——"

"If she know how strangely, yet how sweetly you and I have met, she would understand that I am not to blame, and if she blames me, I shall smile and say, 'She as a good and loving heart, and contributes in fullest response to mine.'"

"Mamma may not say what you both and I" and Etta laughed hysterically.

"Then she has the cold, English nature, perhaps. How you must have suffered with no one near to think and feel with you!"

"I must go home," she said again. "It is scarcely a week since we first met, and for such impudence you must despise me forever."

"Say rather adore you," he interrupted. "But do not be alarmed. I suppose, I admire your delicacy, and I will emulate

SONS OF SCOTLAND.

BY ANY ONE, TORONTO.

Sons of Scotland! Land of Freedom!
Sons of noble sires, all hail!
Let thy sentiment ayo be "Freedom"
Then shall evermore prevail!
Let the wrong be deeply hated,
Let the right be prized like love,
Mayest courage unabated,
Tending to our God above!

Sons of Scotland! hands historic
Sang thy deeds of noble fame!
Let not tyranny be stronger
Than thy steadfast name.
Cherish thy unsullied name.
Illegry gives us what we cherish,
Cure is still maintain the right,
May that liberty never perish,
Though in peril in the fight!

Like the waters from our fountains,
Divine sentiments flow and blend;
Like the breeze on our mountains,
Harmless, if but let alone!
Let us shake hands with every stranger,
Ours to put the curse right;
Ours to stand in time of danger,
And, if need be, ours to fight!

Dear old Scotia! land of heroes,
Land of mountain, hill, and vale!
Land of sunshine, shade, and showers,
Land of love, and friendship hale!
Land of ever changing beauty,
Land of liberty and love,
Sacred, and of purity, and duty,
Till we reach the land above!

The Last Days of the Irish Harps.

In 1795 the death-throes of the Irish harp in the March of that year To-night O'Carolan expired. He was the last of a race of wandering minstrels, and he was a poet. Others followed him who also delighted lords and ladies, but they were not poets. The last of the after-glow of the sun that is "set."

"The lays of all the lands we hear"

Undispatial prince of Irish harpers, Carolan, unlike many, obtained a garden in the hearts of fame, while his harps and his songs were entrancing his people. Some of his songs are still sung them with a pathos very touching. Only of his successors have approached the genius which anything like comparable distance—Denis Hempson and Arthur O'Neil. The latter achieved notoriety because he was selected by the prince to execution. Hempson attained the great age of 112 years; his harp is preserved in a bronze's family at Jamestown. Uppermost efforts were made at the close of the last century and the genius of this relentless harp to awaken a spirit of national interest in the harp, but with little success. To the Dublin Society belongs the credit of following up the movement, which was also rolled—"In July, 1792:—

"IRISH HARP.

"To encourage the national music of Ireland, the following prizes will be given at a meeting, on Monday the 1st of August next, to performers on the Irish harp, in the division of ladies for which is appointed by the company then present.

Seven guineas to the best performer.
Five " to the third.
Three " to the third.
Two " to the third.

"John P—— Two better games in view than a red-haired coquette," was the reply.

"So you said when you said that Madame Tronville, with that old cesspool to be your mother, you would not marry your son, and so you thought when you perceived my best suit of clothes to go courting Vincent's pretty, pretty volatile—and what came of it?

"Didn't I tell you that I was duped in that affair; and didn't I give it up as soon as I found the poor dear child was penniless? Plight I How she idolized me, to be sure!

"Sh! there's someone in the shop, waiting for this draught; give it to her, my boy."

And the next moment the delicately white hands of Albert Montmorencies were preferring to Etta the neat little parcel.

"Can we do anything else for you, madam? Perfumes? Let us show you some of our perfumes. We have compounded for the excellence and variety of our perfumes."

But here he stopped, for Etta flew out of the shop, leaving her tonic behind her, thankful that the thick veil she wore had prevented a recognition.

The first thing she did on reaching home was to burn a lot of withered flowers and a portrait from memory of the adored one.

On that she vowed to have offered at the same time all recollection of the credulity that now made her struggle wildly against being to hide herself from every eye!

Mrs. Grayley has never learned what has passed between her and a pleasant stranger in her daughter's favorite haunts for as sensible and unaffected as of old; but to the utter dismay of Dolph Ernstein, when he once more asked Etta to be his wife, a confession was poured he will always hold sacred.

He knew that she has at last learned to value his patient devotion, and surrendered her heart to his keeping; that she will be to him the truest wife, and he can afford to forgive and help her to forget the girlish folly that has cured her of sentiment and romance forever.

If you wish to color wool, cotton, silk or feathers, use the new Electric Dyes, strongest and best in the world. 10 cents at all dealers.

Expensive Wines.

Among the presents sent to Prince Bismarck on his seventieth birthday were hundred-dozen four hundred bottles of Rhenish wine, which, in many instances, were of much earlier vintage than is necessary to render the most high-class champagne "old" for such amazing prices. Queen Victoria of the late Lord Wilton's wines under the hammer, on the 27th of last month. Lord Wilton's cellar was offered for sale in 1883, and the sale of the contents of the cellars, several hundred bottles, and was remarkably rich in Chateau Lafite of 1811 brought from one to two guineas per bottle. Twenty-two and seventy shillings per dozen.

At the same sale, of the wine was knocked down for a [illegible] nine pounds per dozen. Twenty-two pounds ten shillings was the price of wine seven thirty-four shillings and fourpence per bottle. Some wines would have sold for even that feat! Lot one lodge, No. 3, W. Lafite, 1811, has left on record his protest against wines, and his appreciation of the good old vintage which he thoroughly friend. Mr. Pinto, on the other hand, is a wine merchant still, and two years for a bin of champagne in the cellars, his magnificence when compared with the bin-house gifts now given on the 1st to assist in the German Chancellor. In addition to a dozen of Bodenheimer of 1793, of Johannisberg of 1811, and Steinberger of 1811, there were several bottles of Marcobrunner of 1811 were given to the Prince's guests, and admiration to the great statesman, each guest was presented with a bottle of worth eight pounds in the public parlance. Bismark wine has, apparently not failed to respond to the call of Prince Metternich, whose old Johannisberg was sold at fourteen guineas a bottle. The price regarded as fabulous. In 1822 it was bought by the Duke of Wellington, and that the landlord of every great hotel in Germany made a point of having a bin of the wine of which the Prince Metternich's cellar, in order that he might be ready for all inquiries at any moment, gave prices per bottle—there was little probability, indeed, that one would be asked. Was the stock in hand would ever come to an end—to be continued indefinitely. Who has not read of a certain hotel in the west-end of this metropolis, where the late Duke of Wellington, Lord Cobb's enthusiastic admirers were remorseless in their demands for a glass of wine? It was [illegible] in 1834, and were said to be the property of the late Duke of Wellington of Zarophath? It is encouraging to find that, in spite of the waves of depression of prices surrounding us on all sides, two precious commodities, wine and wines, have not as yet suffered. We are told, indeed, that the Bismarck wine has realized very ordinary quality are in the market, long-established, and the other established. Prices, 10,000 a year. Through to Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo, N. Y. Pullmans, No. 30 Broadway, N. Y.

Bargains! Bargains!

Just Received

Cases of

CUTTINGARE, GINGHAMS, PRINTS, CUPPONS, HOSIERY & WALLPAPER,

Bought from jobbers at immense reductions, this is where our Spring and Summer Stocks,

Now in your time to get bargains.

Highest prices paid for Wool, Eggs, Oats, Barley, Pea & Beans

AT

McCAFFREY'S

FRONT RIVER LINES.

July 11th, 1888.

TO LET.

THE Billiard Room and Barber Shop at the Belle Hull; ample or bedroom. Apply to

MRS. M. H. MOIR.

Huntingdon, 4th April, 1888. tf

JUST ARRIVED

3 CARLOADS!

OF

Swanton Lime.

ALSO A CARLOAD OF

Salt.

ALSO A CARLOAD OF

Felt & Tar Paper.

MACHINE OIL—BEST QUALITY!

Paris Green!

DBL. BOILED LINSEED OIL

WM. FORTUNE.

Huntingdon, June 18th. 23tf

"SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN"

Established 1846.

The most popular weekly newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, discovery and industrial progress now being published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings, many of which are original and procured expressly for this publication. Terms, $3.20 a year; $1.60 six months. Discount to clubs of ten or more. Single copies, 10 cents. Every number contains valuable practical information, and many of the most useful and interesting facts in the arts and sciences. Every mechanic, engineer, inventor, farmer, manufacturer, and professional man should have a copy. Address MUNN & CO., Publishers, 361 Broadway, N. Y.

PATENTS. Munn & Co. have also prepared, and have had [illegible] for more than fifty years, the best mode of securing patents in the United States and all foreign countries. Also how to obtain copyrights for books, charts, designs, prints, trade-marks, and how to procure interference, how to reissue, how to obtain extensions, how to file and procure the decisions of the Courts, and full instructions, terms, and advice, sent free. All patents secured by us are described in the Scientific American, the largest, best, and most widely circulated scientific paper. Any inventor should have it. Address MUNN & CO., Office SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 361 Broadway, N. Y.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING. A book of 400 pages, containing a catalogue of 1000 newspapers, with the cost of advertising, sent by mail for 10 cents. It should be in the hands of every one who has anything to advertise, whether a medicine or a mouse trap. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York.

DR. LAPRAIK'S SPECIALTIES AND EXTRACTS are the only genuine English Preparations in the Canadian market, and pebbles are kept in stock. Teeth are given to prove genuineness. They are recommended by and testimonials from leading members of the Medical Profession, as President of the Medical Association of Canada; the President of St. College of Physicians and Surgeons; the President of the National Faculty of Laval; Physicians and the President and Secretary of the Medical Council of Nova Scotia, &c., &c. Those recommendations ought to be sufficient to protect intending purchasers, but if further proof is desired, write to

J. W. SAUNDERS

WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER,

HUNTINGDON, QUE.

Opposite Post Office

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Will Cure

Sick Headache

Constipation, Dyspepsia, Distress after Eating, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Pain in the Side, Coated Tongue, Bad Taste in the Mouth, and all Disorders caused by a bilious state of the system.

They do this *without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels*, and there is no pain, griping or discomfort about their action. It is no longer necessary to scour one's insides out with the old fashioned purgative pills, and they are fast giving way to the gentle action of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are entirely unlike all other pills, and are a marvel of small size and great power. They are very small, strictly vegetable, and as the dose is only one or two pills, they are readily taken by young or old without a thought of the presence of medicine. If you try them you will certainly be pleased. In vials at 25 cents each or 5 for $1.00. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Address,

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York City.

A chest of Testimonials and set of Handsome Advertising Cards sent on receipt of stamp. Mention this Paper.

The Little Maxwell Binder

THE ONLY *Right Hand* BINDER MANUFACTURED.

We beg to call the attention of Farmers to the celebrated *Deering's Harvester Co.* which we have just introduced, and is far superior to any other Bark manufactured. Also, the following machine which we handle:

BINDERS—THE LITTLE MAXWELL
THE TORONTO LIGHT.
THE NONON LOW DOWN.

REAPERS—NONON'S No. 2 STANDARD Combined.
do No. 25 do Single.
THE MAXWELL.
The MASSEY HARVESTER.
GREEN'S ROYAL

MOWERS—The MAXWELL.
THE TORONTO.
The MASSEY
The NEW WARRIOR

RAKES—The MAXWELL.
THE SHARP.
The "BEAUCHEMIN."

We carry a full supply of everything in the Agricultural line including

Buggies & Lumber Waggons.

☞ Descriptive catalogues and all information required on application.

McCormick & Bryson,

Nos. 96 & 98 FOUNDLING ST.

BRANCH STORE, MONTREAL Que.

Benanhamois, Que. 27tf

Stop and read this.

McCOLL BROS. & CO., Toronto, sole manufacturers of the justly celebrated

ARDINE MACHINE OIL

unexcelled for all machinery purposes.

Farmers and others will find it to their advantage to use

LARDINE

and thus save their machinery from wearing. So don't be misled. The only genuine "LARDINE" is that manufactured by McColl Bros. & Co., Toronto.

For sale by Local Dealers.

The Advocate is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance, and all payment of arrearages is made as required by law. Remember that the publisher must be notified when a subscriber wishes the paper stopped. All arrearages must be paid.

THIS P/ PER may be found on file at G. P. Rowell & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

THE ADVOCATE.

HUNTINGDON, AUGUST 5, 1886.

The rumor is again afloat that Mr. W. H. Walker, of Hillhead, Godmanchester, is the intelligent gentleman who is to be the Liberal side to Dr. Cameron. Mr. Walker is well known and would give the Doctor a hard shake. As councillor and mayor of the Township of Godmanchester for a number of years, and more recently as Warden of the County, he has shown himself to be a man of some ability and good principles, and we do not see that the Liberals could do better.

The appointment to the Cabinet of Mr. Henry Matthews, Q. C., a Roman Catholic, who emerged from semi-obscurity to something like prominent brilliancy by his address to the court in the celebrated Crawford divorce case is looked upon generally as a good omen for Ireland; while that of Lord Londonderry to the Irish Lieutenancy is not certain to be so popular. He is of the Castlereagh family, a name not cherished by Irishmen.

The election in Chambly on Friday last resulted in the return of the Liberal candidate by a majority of 42. The contest was fought on the Riel issue, and was a bitter one; but it can hardly be taken as an indication of what the coming general elections may result in, it being a by-election for the House of Commons. The constituency contains 3,100 voters, and at last provincial election returned the present Conservative member by a majority of 109, so that the present result shows that less than a hundred votes have been influenced by the Riel question, which indicates clearly that the feeling on the Riel matter is not nearly so widespread or deep-rooted as Dorion and his friends would have us believe.

The new English cabinet has been formed, and parliament is to be called together at once, when it is expected the Government's Irish policy will be foreshadowed immediately in the Queen's speech. That a bill will early be submitted to Parliament providing for a certain amount of home rule for Ireland there is no doubt, and with his predecessor's experiences to profit by, Lord Salisbury will likely introduce such a measure as will secure the support of the Parnellites, while it will not be so far reaching a measure as to split his own party or gain for it the native opposition of the Liberal Unionists. It is generally conceded that Ireland is more likely to get a satisfactory form of local government from the Conservatives than from the Liberals. Meantime the country quietly awaits the convening of the new parliament and the official announcement of Salisbury's Irish policy.

Council Meetings.

VILLAGE.

The Village Council held an adjourned session on Saturday evening. All present except Councillor Dinneen.

According to public notice given the council revised the valuation roll. Quite a number of changes were made, and over $30,000 was added to the valuation of taxable property.

Mrs. Moir presented a petition asking to be exempted from payment of taxes on her hall for five years. Left over to the September meeting.

The road committee were instructed to have the weeds on the town roads cut and removed.

ORDNTOWN.

This council met on Monday last, Cmrs. McKeown and Reid absent.

Moved by Cmn. Roy, seconded by Cmn. Carruthers, that at the September meeting of this council a by-law will be introduced and submitted for the purpose of granting the sum of $2000 as aid towards the building of the new town hall or house for the county, on the condition that the said court house and hall be built at the junction of the Canada Atlantic and Montreal Junction Railroads.

The repairs required to be done on the Hopper bridge was sold to David McCartney for the sum of nineteen dollars.

The repairs required to be done on the Smith bridge at the head of the first concession of James-town will be sold at the next meeting of the council.

Special Superintendent George Elliot's report of his visit on the several roads and bridges, was presented and read, the same was received and adopted.

The sewer pipes, was ordered to have special notices served upon all the owners of vacant lots that had been reported for neglect of duty, giving them until the 12th of August to have their several ends put in a fit and proper state of repair.

Wm. Whitsall was ordered to have all the old rails and pickets on the by-road through 3rd concession of Goodwood taken out by or-der by the 7th of August at five o'clock p.m.

A petition signed by John McCartney and others asking for a special assessment for the re-pair or re-pose of closing the little road on the base line of the 4th concession of Goodwood, was laid on the table.

Mr. Whitsall was ordered to have all the old rails and pickets on the by-road through 3rd concession of Goodwood taken out by or-der by the 7th of August at five o'clock p.m.

A petition signed by John McCartney and others asking for a special assessment for the re-pair or re-pose of closing the little road on the base line of the 4th concession of Goodwood, was laid on the table.

Moved by Cmn. Roy, seconded by Cmn. Carruthers, that at the September meeting of this council a by-law will be introduced and submitted for the purpose of granting the sum of $2000 as aid towards the building of the new town hall or house for the county, on the condition that the said court house and hall be built at the junction of the Canada Atlantic and Montreal Junction Railroads.

The repairs required to be done on the Hopper bridge was sold to David McCartney for the sum of nineteen dollars.

The repairs required to be done on the Smith bridge at the head of the first concession of James-town will be sold at the next meeting of the council.

Special Superintendent George Elliot's report of his visit on the several roads and bridges, was presented and read, the same was received and adopted.

The sewer pipes, was ordered to have special notices served upon all the owners of vacant lots that had been reported for neglect of duty, giving them until the 12th of August to have their several ends put in a fit and proper state of repair.

Wm

OUR POKER PARTY.

Mr. Bill Hurch Comes to Grief With a Pair of Back-Bite Graspers.

"What's the matter with your eyes, Dutch?" questioned Mr. Tylercraft when Mr. Bill Hawk appeared to welcome our poker party last night, wearing a pair of very dark-hued goggles.

"Why, I'm irritated by dust," returned the philosopher.

"It must be a very windy day," retorted the jovial Mr. Tylercraft, who had a pocketful of money and happy anticipations of winning, "when all the dust is blown in your eyes."

The host laughed lightly and seated himself at the table so that the light would fall on his back. Mr. Al. Tellus was on his left, while Mr. Tylercraft, Esq., sat watched the dexter carefully from the sides as he drew out a new pack of cards and commenced to deal. The dexter's luck was surprising from the very start. Not only did he hold remarkably good hands, but, when it grew more extraordinary, he seemed to know exactly when his hand was not the best. For example, he mentally drew a pair of two aces when he found himself with a queen high flush, and instead of betting a small amount he boldly and impudently raised the pot. Mr. Tylercraft laboriously laid down his cards with the remark that he "didn't have a thing," and Mr. Tellus followed suit with the same remark.

Finally Mr. Tylercraft, who had been steadily losing, and who was growing quite ugly growing more and more suspicious, broke out with: "Take off those sweaters, I think there is some dirty work in our eyes from 'n years."

The dexter laid it to heart, and instead of his back seemed to be in front. Mr. Tylercraft won from time to time in succession, and then as it came his turn to deal put on the sweaters for luck.

They brought him luck, for on the back of every card was printed in immense purple ruins. The dexter's face was a gauge was plain, for the marks were only visible through the thin white glasses, yet he was forced to sit there and see Mr. Tylercraft pocket the proceeds of his cunning.

"Dexter," whispered that fortunate gentleman, as he lingered a moment between his companions, "whenever I put my chair in my eyes I'll cause to you for treatment."

Last Words of Distinguished Men Known.

George Washington—"It is well."

Nelson—"Kiss me, Hardy."

Napoleon—*"Tete d'armee."*

Lawrence—"Don't give up the ship."

Gordon—*"Let the Irish come."*

Tasso—"Into thy hand, O Lord."

Adams—"Jefferson lives forever."

Haller—"The artery has ceased to beat."

Nero—"Is this your fidelity?"

John Quincy Adams—"This is the last of earth."

Franklin—"A dying man does nothing well."

Charles Second—"Don't let poor Nelly starve."

Cardinal Beaufort—"What! Is there no death to death?"

Alonzo Elizabeth—"All *de* my possessions for a moment of time."

Mary Queen of Scots—"My Trey arms, O Jesus, were stretched upon the cross, so receive me that I may in the strained arms of Thy enemy, and forgive me my sins."

Sir Walter Raleigh—"It matters not how the head leaves the body."

Allfuri—Clasp my hand, my dear friend; I die."

Sir Walter Scott—"I feel as though I were myself again."

Pope Pius the Ninth—"Go out well and sacredly the church I loved so well."

Pope Gregory the Seventh—"I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile."

Charles Quarell, of Carrollton—"I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things of this world can bestow—pain upon—and upon—and with a—I—I—I